

THE CLARION.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

are ninety and nine that live and die
want in hunger and cold,
may revel in luxury
be in its silken fold,
and nine in their hovels bare;
one in a palace with riches rare.

poll in the field, the ninety and nine
the fruits of our mother earth;
and delve in the dusky mine,
and bring its treasures forth;
the wealth released by their sturdy
blows

the hands of the one forever flows.
the sweat of their brows the desert
blooms,
the forest before them falls;
labor has built the humble homes,
and cities with lofty halls;
the one—wreath of flowers and lands,
the ninety and nine have empty
hands.

—Woman's World.

The Woman Question.

THE CLARION: In looking over
issue of your paper, my attention
attracted by a communication headed
"I don't know why I should
this article any more than I have
ers of others of the same, or like
I have read. But it does
so hard to always find something
newspaper to destroy the pleasure
reading it. I think I can safely say,
the twentieth of the newspapers I
read, have been free from "slurs"
kind on women. There are men
lay, that have never forgiven Eve
siding her apple with Adam. Al-
if Adam was any thing like his

the nineteenth century, he must
aten the apple of his own free
his wife certainly couldn't have
ed him. "Men are women's play-

and women are the devils," is an
ion credited to Victor Hugo.
is a great thing, that all Mr. Hugo
well as a heap of other people's
are not made truths. For

re plenty of women in this world,
il has no claim on, and I guess
are lots of men that thank their
they don't belong to any of the

I admit this is one man's opin-
pressed in severe terms, but we are
it in our every day life in mil-
lions, but always cutting to a sensi-
man. I know the women of to-
not what they ought to be, but

frivolous, butterfly existence
girls of this generation are no
to me. The only wonder is that
doing as well as they are. The
ers whose hearts were broken
from Southern battle-fields, are
ing away, and the young girls
on the threshold of woman-

'65 and welcomed with loyal
their soldier lovers home, and
with them in their efforts to build
in the shattered and ruined
have not forgotten the trials and
they have had to go through
the last eighteen years. It don't

range that they should try to
their daughters from the fate that
theirs. In our parent's efforts
their children in some degree of
safety, our mothers have had to
fight and day, and at last with
spirits and ruined health, they
ambition not half realized.

extra "cash" above the neces-
sary life was expended for a
course or two for the sons,
education at the State University
and the board reasonable.

But the idea of sending the
off to school was not to be
of, for it would take more money
session at these high priced
an they had seen at one time
years. So our girls with the mere
of an education are launched
world, to take the cares of

of on them, to raise sons from
patrons and Presidents must be
Men on whose shoulder the
of this vast Republic must de-
nothing great need be ex-
there will be no Martha
sons nor Mrs. Adams to mould
eters of these sons.

been an erroneous idea that our
id not compete with their broth-
ers. But it has never been
of a Mississippi girl to prove
could do. Our State with all
scent projects, and strides to-
ward improvements has never had
for the money to waste on the
of the land. True, by efforts
the last Legislature the
permitted to go to Oxford.

A brave and those that could
ordain, have gone, but it will
succeed. It is not what was
nor what was expected. But
ances now it is all they will
So what our girls are to-day
are likely to remain, for by
system of education they are
devotees of fashion frivolities,
hair, "puckering" up dresses,
and "hind part" before, and if
and brothers don't make an
ange the line of our lives that
where they have, what will

But it is so hard! None
knows how hard it is, to
discipline and taunts of our more
mothers—those to whom we
from our very cradles to
respect. The hardest part is
called to give what is not due.

"EYDER."

Miss.

around the eyes indicate the
grooms. Hasten to use Shiner's
to expel these miserable
a safe and reliable agent.
According to the directions,
its work well.

THE NEW SCHOOLMA'AM.

"The schoolma'am's coming—the school-
ma'am's coming!" shouted a dozen voices
at the close of a half hour's faithful
watch to catch a glimpse of our new
teacher. Every eye was turned toward
her with the most scrutinizing glance—
for the children as well as others, always
form an opinion of a person, particu-
larly of their teacher, at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one.
"Ho, I ain't afraid of her, nor a dozen
like her," cried the big boy of the
school.

"Nor I either," cried the big boy's lit-
tle ally, "I could lick her easy enough;
couldn't you, Tom?"

"Yes, and I will, too, if she goes to
touch me."

"Hush," cried one of the girls, "she
will hear you."

By this time she had nearly reached
the door, round which we clustered, and
every eye was fixed upon her face
with an eager yet bashful gaze, uncer-
tain, as yet, what verdict to pass upon
her.

"Good morning, children," she said,
in the kindest voice in the world while
her face was lighted by the sweetest
smile imaginable. "This is a beauti-
ful morning to commence school, is it
not?"

"I know I shall love her," whispered a
little pet in my ear.

We all followed her into the school-
room except Tom Jones and his ally,
who watched until the rest were seated,
and then came in with a swaggering, noisy
gait, and a sort of dare-devil saucy look,
as much as to say, "Who cares for you?"

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly,
but appeared not to notice them further.
After a short prayer, and reading a chap-
ter in the Bible, she passed round the
room and made some inquiry of each
one in regard to themselves and their
studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked
laying her hand upon Tom's head, while
he sat with his hands in his pockets,
swinging his body forwards and back-
wards.

"Tom Jones," shouted he at the top of
his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she
asked.

"Just as old agin as half," answered
Tom, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study, Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing to be at all disturbed
by his replies, Miss Westcott said, "I am
glad that I am to have one or two large
boys in my school; you can be of great
assistance to me. Thomas, if you will
stop a few moments after school this
afternoon, we will talk over a little plan
I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particu-
larly to Tom, who could not compre-
hend how he could be useful to any-
body, and for the first time in his life he
felt as if he was of some importance in
the world. He had always been called
the "bad boy" at school, and he took a
sort of pride in being feared by the chil-
dren, and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Westcott at once comprehended his
whole character, and began to shape her
plans accordingly. She maintained that
a boy, who at twelve years of age made
himself feared among his school fellows,
was capable of being made something of.
Heretofore all influence had conspired to
make him bad, and perhaps a desperate
character; she was determined to trans-
form his character by bringing an oppo-
site influence to work upon him; and to
effect this, she must first gain his con-
fidence, which could not be done in a bet-
ter way than by letting him feel that she
placed confidence in him.

When school was out, more than half
the scholars lingered about the door,
wondering what Miss Westcott had to
say to Tom Jones. He had often been
bidden to remain after school, but it was
always to receive punishment or a severe
lecture, and nine times out of ten he
would jump out of the window before
half the school were out of the room;
but it was evidently for a different pur-
pose that he was to remain now, and no
one wondered what it could be more than
Tom Jones.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our
school-room would be a great deal pleas-
anter if we had some evergreens to hang
around it; something to make it cheer-
ful?" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Yes'm, and I know where I can get
plenty of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some
here by eight o'clock to-morrow morn-
ing, I will be here to help you put them
up, and we will give the children a
pleasant surprise. Here are some books
I will give you, Thomas; you may put
them in your drawer; they are what I
want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and his-
tory," exclaimed Tom, confused, "I
never did."

"That is the reason why you think
you cannot," replied Miss Westcott. "I
am sure you can, and you will love them
I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned
anything or not before," said Tom, with
some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with
earnestness; "you are capable of becom-
ing a great and good man; you are now
forming your character for life, and it
depends upon yourself what you become.
The poorest boy in the country has an
equal chance with the wealthiest, and
his circumstances are more favorable for
becoming eminent, for believers to depend
upon himself. I will assist you all I
can in your studies, Thomas, and I know
you will succeed; remember that I am
your friend, and come to me in every
difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up;
he had come up, because he had been
born into the world and could not
help it; but as for any mental or moral
training, he was as ignorant of it as a
wild bramble of a pruning knife. His
father was an intemperate, bad man,
and his mother a totally inefficient
woman. At home he received nothing but
blows, and abroad nothing but abuse.
His bad passions were therefore all ex-
cited and fostered, and his good ones
were never called out. He always ex-
pected that his teachers would hate him,
so he aroused anew his combative powers

to oppose them, and he had made
up his mind to "turn the new school-
ma'am out of doors." When, therefore,
Miss Westcott said she was glad to have
him in her school, he was amazed; and
that she should manifest such an interest
for him and give him a set of books,
was perfectly incomprehensible to him.
Miss Westcott understood his position
and character, and determined to modify
them. She felt that he was equally cap-
able of good and bad actions, though the
bad now predominated. She knew that
his active mind must be busy; one might
as well think of chaining the lightning
as bending down by force that wild spirit
to books. She would give him employ-
ment; but such as would call out a
new train of ideas and thoughts. He
must feel that he was doing good for
others' sake, and that he was not guided
alone by his own wayward will, and yet
there must be no appearance of restraint
upon him; he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with
a new feeling in his breast; for the first
time in his life he felt that he was cap-
able of rising above his present condition,
and becoming somewhat greater and bet-
ter than he was. His mind became in-
undated with new and strange emotions,
and like a mighty river turned from its
course—his thoughts and energies from
that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the
dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at
the school house, she found Tom Jones
there with his evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said
kindly—"so you are here before me; you
must have risen early, and I see you
have found some beautiful evergreens.
Now, if you will help me hang them,
we will have the room all arranged by
9 o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some
nails, said Tom, "I thought we should
need some."

"Yes, so we shall; I am glad you
thought of it," replied Miss Westcott.

That day very scholar looked amazed
to see Tom Jones actually studying his
book, and hear him answer several ques-
tions correctly; and they were still more
confounded when at recess Miss Westcott
said:

"You will take care of these little
children, will you not and see that they
do not get hurt? You must be their pro-
tector."

One would as soon have thought of
setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs,
as Tom Jones to take good care of little
children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I
never saw such a schoolma'am in all my
life; did you, Tom?"

"No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had
and I would have been a different boy
from what I am now; but I am going to
study now, and learn something. Miss
Westcott says I can and I am determined
to try."

It was astonishing to observe the effect
Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had
upon the scholars. They began to con-
sider him of some importance, and to
feel a sort of respect for him which
they manifested by dropping the nick-
name Tom and substituting Tommy
which certainly revealed a more kindly
feeling towards him.

In less than a week Miss Westcott had
the school completely under her control,
yet it was by love and respect that she
governed, and not by any iron rule; she
moved among her scholars a very queen,
and yet so gained their confidence and
esteem that it did not seem to them sub-
mission to another's will, but the prompt-
ings of their own desire to please. One
glance of her dark eye would have
quelled an insurrection, and one smile
made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott understood human na-
ture. She made it a study, as every
teacher ought to do. She rooted out
error and prejudice from the minds of
her pupils, showed them the evil of sin
and beauty of virtue, the advantages of
education, and the consequence of igno-
rance; taught them their own capabili-
ties and responsibilities, and she adapted
her instructions to capacities and neces-
sities. And thus she went on year after
year, scattering good seed into good
ground, and she reaped an abundant
harvest. From many a happy home and
high place came a blessing upon her;
and there is no one that breathes her
name with greater reverence, or remem-
bers her with more grateful affection,
than Tom Jones, who has filled with
ability one of the highest judicial offices
in the Union, and freely acknowledges
that he owes his present character and
position, under God's providence, to her
treatment and instructions.

A Row of Pearls

Glistening through coral lips is certainly
a pleasing object; but a row of discolored,
be-speckled teeth in any mouth at all is a
grievous drawback; add to this that such a
set of teeth is usually accompanied by im-
pure breath and one can scarcely imagine
anything more objectionable. Sozogenes,
the great purifier of the breath and whiten-
er of the teeth obviates this state of the mouth
completely, rescuing its dental occupants
from destruction, and counteracting the in-
fluence upon the enamel of acid secretions
in the mouth.

Appropos of the recent death of
Heine's wife, whose temper was said to
be not of the sweetest, the following
words of the famous poet are recalled:

"I mean to leave all my money to
my wife, on condition that she shall
marry again. I long to be regretted
after I am dead, and I am certain that
whoever marries her will regret as
long as he lives that I ever died."

But all Heine's money was only a
thousand dollars a year, and this his
widow had without changing her name.

Mr. John L. Allen, Summit, writes: "I
have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspep-
sia and general debility, and it has pro-
duced the desired effect."

You can't make your child love you
by scolding and fretting all the time
any more than you can catch a bird
by flinging your hat at it.

Mr. John H. Allen, Jackson, Miss., says:
"When suffering from malaria I used
Brown's Iron Bitters and it cured me."

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LOVE AFTER DEATH.

[From Temple Bar.]
If I should die before you, love,
I pray you do not keep
Your way beyond the first few years
The world will have you weep:
But say: "I make his heaven less
By mourning thus in dreariness."

And plant my violets, white and blue,
Above my place of rest,
And tend them with these dear, kind
hands.

I have so oft dreamed;
And say: "These flowers were his last
will."

And for his sake I watch them still;
And when the spring, that I so loved,
Shall flush the land with light,
I pray you seek my quiet grave.

But not with tears, sweet wife,
And if the flowers in bloom shall be,
Say: "Lo! he sends his love to me."

Too Honest by Half.

Arkansas Traveller.]
A gentleman stopped his horse at a
toll-gate, and not seeing the gatekeeper
went into the house. Finding no one
he began to search, and finally discover-
ed the gatekeeper out in the field at
work. Although the old man was quite
a distance away, the gentleman went
into the field, approached the old man
and said:

"You are the toll-gatekeeper, I be-
lieve?"

"Yes, sir," the old man replied, turn-
ing and leaning upon his hoe-handle.

"Well, I want to go through the gate."

"Ain't the gate open?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go through? It's
my business to be here."

"Because I want to pay you."

"And you came all the way out here
to pay me 5 cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, proud-
ly looking the old man in the eye.

"Couldn't you have left the money on
the table?"

"Yes, but I wanted you to know that
I paid you."

"You are an honest man."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman,
while a pleased expression spread over
his face.

"You would have walked three times
as far to have paid me that 5 cents,
wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Here, John," the old man called to a
boy that lay in the shade, "call the dog
and go along and watch this fellow till
he gets away. Bet a hundred dollars he
steals something fore he leaves the
place."

ON SHUTTING DOORS.—Nine peo-
ple out of ten leave a door open behind
them. They do not seem to know
how to shut a door. It appears to be
natural and, probably, an inherited
inability, just as with some people
there is no such thing as knowing one
fame from another, as with others it
is impossible to acquire facilities and
handiness in the use of tools. Modern
ingenuity has tasked itself to
make up to a suffering world for the
inequality or negligence of people who
never close a door by application of
weights or springs that will automati-
cally do what every man, woman and
child ought to do instinctively. But
even these appliances are not to be re-
lied upon; clearly the door should be
shut by the person who opens it. The
first lesson would inculcate the clemen-
tial and simple duty itself. Boys
and girls should be kept passing a
doorway, each one opening and closing
the door for himself, or herself, un-
til not a mother's son or daughter of
them could leave a door ajar. Then
the finer features of the accomplish-
ment might be introduced. There are
people who always slam a door; there
are others who hold it open, and close
it so slowly that numberless colds and
sore throats have had time to march
through. But without becoming too
fastidious it is important that every-
one should be taught to close the door,
and fasten it in some way.—Anon.

A man has no more right to say an
uncivil thing than to act one—no
more right to say a rude thing to
another than to knock him down.

My overworked wife was restored to per-
fect health by Parker's Ginger Tonic. Pas-
or Elgin M. E. Church.

Childhood often holds a truth with
its feeble fingers, which the grasp of
manhood cannot retain, which it is the
pride of utmost age to recover.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE SECURED THE AGENCY FOR THE MEADOW
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MOWERS, REAPERS AND RAKES!

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Atlanta Exposition. We therefore solicit your patronage, and ask that you call and ex-
amine for yourself, or send for Circulars and Price List before purchasing. Yours truly,
L. F. CHILES, Manager, Crescent Warehouse Co.
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Hydraulic Pumps,
Steel Mats for Boxes,
Elevator Heads and Shoes,
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